embrassez-moi, s'il vous plaît by bebe8s

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King
Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, M/M, Rated T for Trashmouth, Richie Tozier Flirts, Tutoring, because that's what he would do ok, eddie is a french tutor, richie is bad at french and needs his help, richie tozier learns how to talk dirty in french, unbeta'd because im not a coward
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Summary:

When Eddie looks up, Richie is watching him intently, really listening to what he has to say. He looks gorgeous as he focuses on Eddie's words. He finds himself fighting the urge to kiss him, which would be inappropriate. This is his job for crying out loud. He can't just go kissing the person he's tutoring, even if he is the most beautiful human Eddie has ever laid his eyes on.

Title means "kiss me, please"

embrassez-moi, s'il vous plaît

Author's Note:

> this is literally so self indulgent and is also the most on brand thing i've ever written. it's just me being a giant french nerd. like. i'm deadass teaching u guys some french rules ok. but i will make sure to have english translations worked into the story for whatever shit they're saying lol.

Summary for the Chapter:

> title means "love at first sight"

Eddie sighed as he unzipped his backpack. He was sitting in one of the study rooms in the library that's reserved for tutoring sessions, waiting for the guy he was supposed to be tutoring - some guy named Richie. He had never met the guy, and all he knew was that he was tragically bad at French and was in desperate need of Eddie's help if he wanted to pass the class he was in. Eddie still found himself oddly nervous, though - probably because he had absolutely no idea what to expect.

After he got out his textbook and laptop, he sat back in his chair and scrolled through his phone aimlessly. He was switching over to snapchat when he heard a wolf whistle behind him.

"Man, if I had known that I would get such a cute tutor, I would have gotten help ages ago," a lanky, dark-haired, pale figure says. Richie, presumably.

"You probably should have gotten help ages ago anyways," Eddie replied flatly. He took a moment to fully take in the guy standing in front of him now. He was impossibly tall, with a mess of unkempt curls on his head and a smattering of freckles across his cheeks. His thick rimmed glasses sat perched on his nose, drawing attention to his beautiful eyes. Eddie was trying to ignore how attractive he found Richie, which was hard. Especially when Richie had just called him cute. As the very first thing he ever said to him. Wow. Some first

impression.

"Oh! And he's got some bite, huh? How do you say… Je t'aime?"

" *I love you* ? We just met."

"Love at first sight, then. How do you say that?"

"Un coup de foudre."

"Un coup de foudre," Richie repeats as a grin spreads across his cheeks.

Richie slid into the seat next to Eddie, starting to grab his papers from his backpack. He was unthinkably disorganized; Eddie could see all sorts of handouts from French class wrinkled and sticking out from in between his books. He cringed at that.

"I'm Eddie, by the way," Eddie said.

"Eddie. I like it, Eddie Spaghetti. Je m'appelle Richie Tozier."

"That's not my name. And also, you butchered the pronunciation on that."

"That's why I'm here!"

Eddie rolled his eyes. It's not his fault that his love language is just him being mean to the object of his affection. Plus, Richie was proving to be very easy to bully.

"Alright, Monsieur Spaghetti, teach me French!" Richie exclaims, throwing his arms out dramatically. Eddie reaches out and pulls Richie's arms down, trying to ignore the way his body feels electric at their contact.

"You don't pronounce the 'n' in monsieur. There's lesson number one." Eddie pauses for a moment, relishing in the grin he earned from Richie, before speaking again. "Anyways, I got a copy of your syllabus so that I know exactly what to cover. I'll help you with homework assignments and go over all the handouts you get, and anything else you need, too. But, uh, let's start with you just telling me what things

give you more trouble."

"I think it's safe to say everything. I've got a math-oriented brain. I can ace a calc exam without studying, but I will never in a million years understand French. Luckily, this is the last foreign language class I need for my degree. I guess most recently we've been learning about object pronouns and relative clauses and I just don't understand that shit."

"Okay, that's a good place to start. It's actually simple, with understandable rules. If you have a math brain, then you might be able to better pick up on those. Hopefully I can help."

"Oh, Eddie, I am *confident* that you will be able to help."

Eddie can't stop the blush that fills his cheeks, so he tries to brush past it by grabbing at Richie's disheveled stack of papers. He flips through them, trying to find one on object pronouns. It takes him a second since there is absolutely no order to the stack. He feels triumphant when he finally finds one about using le, la, and les. A nice, simple place to start.

"Alright, let's start here. Le, la, and les are pretty much the most basic of the pronouns. Do you know where it goes in the sentence?"

"If I did, I wouldn't be here, would I?" Richie responds smartly. Eddie's ears heat up a little, enjoying the bickering they've got going.

"Okay, fair point. So, it goes before the verb. So, if I was going to say 'I have it,' I would say 'Je l'ai.' Does that make some sense?" Eddie asks, pausing to give Richie a chance to answer. French has always come very easy to him, so he's trying to be patient and helpful. He doesn't want to go too fast.

"Yeah, I guess. But like, how do I know to use le at all?"

"That was where I was going next! So, it's actually pretty easy. If you have a sentence that has an object in it that uses the article le, la, or les, you know to use it. It also applies to ce, cette, or ces, but that's less important right now."

When Eddie looks up, Richie is watching him intently, really listening

to what he has to say. He looks gorgeous as he focuses on Eddie's words. He finds himself fighting the urge to kiss him, which would be inappropriate. This is his job for crying out loud. He can't just go kissing the person he's tutoring, even if he is the most beautiful human Eddie has ever laid his eyes on.

Eddie grabs a sheet of notebook paper and scrawls a sentence on it: *Je mange le pizza.*

"Okay, so try this one. A good way to figure it out is to circle or underline the part you're replacing with the pronoun," Eddie says as he slides the paper over to Richie. Richie pulls out his pen, which is a fucking green gel pen, because of course it is, and scrawls on the paper. When Eddie looks, he's written *Je le mange.*

"Excellent! See, I told you that you could figure it out. You just gotta have a little confidence in yourself. Before long, you'll have object pronouns mastered!"

"Do I get a prize? A kiss, maybe?" Richie says with a smile. A really fucking pretty smile.

"No, but you can do the examples on the worksheet that you got in class for homework!" Eddie says back, matching Richie's playful tone. Eddie watches as Richie fills out the worksheet. He's doing pretty well, only making a few mistakes here and there. Nothing too complicated. Of course, they are still on the easiest of the pronouns.

"Alright, professor. How'd I do?" Richie asks, showcasing his work to Eddie. Eddie's eyes struggle to take in the hideous green ink. He pulls out a red pen to make the few corrections needed, which mostly consist of Richie leaving out an apostrophe. When he's done, the paper has a slight Christmas vibe, given the colors.

"Okay, so, yeah. I think it's safe to say you've got that down. Ready for a bit of a challenge?"

"Probably not, but bring it on, Monsieur," Richie says, getting the pronunciation right this time. Eddie shuffles back through the mess of worksheets, finding one on lui and leur.

"Alright. It's time to talk about people. So, this one also has a pretty basic rule. Whenever you have à plus a person, you're going to have lui. And if it's à plus multiple people, you'll use leur. This also goes before the verb. Alright, we'll start with this example: *Il téléphone à son mère.* So, again, underline the part you're turning into the pronoun, and then place it where it goes."

Richie pulls out his cursed pen and underlines *à son mère* , rewriting the sentence underneath. *Il lui téléphone.* Perfect again. Then again, regular pronouns are on the easier side. It gets complicated once you mix them and force someone to figure out which one is needed. When it's guaranteed to be lui or leur, it's not that hard to figure out.

They spent the rest of their session just going over the various object pronouns. Richie struggled the most with en, but that's because he's human. En is easily the most difficult pronoun. They wrapped up once their hour was up, and scheduled their next session for after Richie's next class on Wednesday afternoon.

"Eddie Spaghetti, my day will be very empty without you tomorrow. But alas, we shall meet again on Wednesday!" Richie declared, blowing Eddie a kiss before exiting the room.

As Richie left, Eddie found himself anxiously awaiting Wednesday at 4.

Finally, fucking finally, it was Wednesday. Eddie's classes dragged on. All he could think about was seeing Richie again later. Which, by the way, was stupid. He was pretty sure Richie was straight, and even if he wasn't, he was pretty sure Richie wouldn't be interested in *him.* Plus, he wasn't even sure if he was allowed to date someone he was tutoring since this was a job. He pushed all of those thoughts out of his mind, not wanting to make himself sad before seeing Richie again.

When Eddie got to their study room, he pulled out his materials again. This time, he had plans to have Richie differentiate between the different object pronouns. It would be more difficult than what they dealt with on Monday, but that's the point of tutoring.

Richie came strolling in at 4:03, iced coffee in hand. Eddie tried to ignore his mind screaming *gay drink! gay drink! gay drink!* He also tried to ignore the fact that Richie looked hot. He had on black jeans a holey Rolling Stones t-shirt, and his look was completed by his mess of curls sitting atop his head.

"Bonjour, teach!" Richie exclaimed, plopping down in his seat. He flashed Eddie a huge grin before bringing his coffee back up to his mouth.

"Hello, Richie. Ready to get started?" Eddie asked, angling his body towards Richie.

"Oui, oui! Oh, but first, I learned a new phrase: J'ai rêvé de toi cette nuit."

Eddie blushed. Pushing through the tragic pronunciation, there's no way he really dreamt of him last night. Right?

"Oh, you did, now? What happened in this dream?"

"Well, I don't know if it's exactly tutoring session appropriate. It was… how you say… une éjaculation nocturne," Richie said with a smirk. Eddie went impossibly redder, the tips of his ears burning.

"I should just let you fail French at this point," Eddie snapped playfully.

"You could never do that to me, Eddie Spaghetti! You love me too much!"

"Love is a strong word for someone I've known for about 48 hours," Eddie said through an eye roll.

"Hey, didn't I say this was un coup de foudre!" Richie exclaimed back. Eddie was surprised he actually remembered that phrase.

"You're killing me with all this franglais, Rich."

"Then teach me solid French, you beau ténébreux," Richie said through a smile.

"I'm not a stranger. And also, I'm not that handsome. Let's get to work."

"Okay, but first: you are *quite* handsome. Now let's get to work."

Eddie blushed again. He was pretty sure at this rate he was just going to turn permanently red. Eddie opened the folder he had made for his sessions with Richie. He had printed off some worksheets about using the different object pronouns so that he could teach Richie how to recognize when to use which one. He pulled those sheets out, placing them between him and Richie.

"Alright, today we're working on using the different object pronouns. So, this sheet has a bunch of sentences that use one of the five: me, le, lui, y, or en. You have to figure out which one it is and then place it in the right place. Each sentence only has one, though. We're not quite to using two in the same sentence. We'll go through the first few together to make sure you've got it."

"Whatever you say, un beau gosse," Richie remarked. Eddie rolled his eyes again, mumbling, "I'm not a hunk. Now shut up and focus."

"What's shut up in French?"

"Tais-toi. Or fermer la bouche works, too."

"Makes sense. I've heard those phrases a lot from French teachers." Richie absently grabbed out a pen and directed his attention to the paper once he finished speaking.

"Alright, so the first sentence is *J'ai acheté deux pommes.* What object pronoun would you use, and what are you replacing?"

Richie paused and thought for a moment before bringing his pen to the paper. He underlined *deux pommes* in purple ink, and Eddie was barely surprised at the appearance of yet another fun color. He doesn't know why Richie doesn't just own a blue or black pen, but whatever. It's his own prerogative.

"I think… do I use en?" Richie asks. For once, he's not very confident. It's shocking, especially since he's right.

"Yes! Now try to rewrite the sentence," Eddie suggests. Richie scrawls on the paper, leaving a messy, purple *J'en ai acheté.* He looks to Eddie for approval.

"Okay, almost. When you have a quantity, like *deux pommes,* even though you're replacing the *pommes* part, you're going to leave the *deux* where it is. So it would be *J'en ai acheté deux,* " Eddie says, trying not to discourage Richie. It's a common mistake, really. Richie just looks at him, clearly puzzled. Eddie starts speaking again, hoping to ease some of the confusion.

"So, like in English, if you're saying 'How many apples did you buy?' you're going to reply with 'I bought two.' The quantity is important, because there's a huge difference between two and two hundred apples. Or, like, if I asked if you had a car, and you replied that you had two, that's a huge difference from just having one. You would say 'J'en ai deux,' and I would be impressed, because cars are expensive. You leave the descriptor, which is a quantity, so that we know how many. Does that make any sense, or did I just confuse you more?"

Richie perked up a little and flashed Eddie a soft smile.

"No, that made it much clearer. You're excellent at explaining things, Eddie Spaghetti. Don't know how I lucked out with the smartest *and* the cutest tutor."

They spent the rest of the time on the same worksheet, Eddie stopping to explain things when Richie was confused. And, of course, Richie kept dropping stupid flirty lines, sometimes in broken French, sometimes just in English. When Eddie looked at his phone, it was already 5:15 and they had gone over by fifteen minutes.

"Oh, crap. We went over. Sorry to keep you!" Eddie said hurriedly. He didn't want to say that he actually had somewhere to be, because frankly he really liked spending time with Richie. He was just meeting his roommate Stan and Stan's new boyfriend Bill. They could wait a few minutes, especially since he was supposed to be there right now and wasn't yet. He figures he should get going. Stan is very punctual and would not enjoy Eddie being late.

"Oh, you're fine. I consider any time with Monsieur Spaghetti to be

time well spent."

"You're so stupid. Anyways, I actually am supposed to be meeting my roommate for dinner, and I'm already late, so I will see you later!" Eddie rushes out as he gathers his stuff. Even in a rush, though, he makes sure to keep everything orderly. He's not a disorganized hooligan like Richie.

"Wait, we gotta set up the next time," Richie says. Eddie really doesn't have time to sit here and figure out when their schedules align.

"Here, this is my number. Just shoot me a text about when you're free and we'll figure something out!" Eddie says as he scrawls his number onto Richie's paper. His handwriting is still impressively neat through the hurried writing.

"Oh, I will text you more than just that," Richie says with a smirk. Eddie rolls his eyes and turns around to head out. Before he leaves, though, he stops to tell Richie goodbye. He vaguely hears Richie call out an "Au revoir!" as he's clambering down the steps.

When he reaches the bottom, his phone buzzes with a text from a new number. Richie.

(5:18 PM) bonjour mon canon. c'est richie ;)

He smiles at his phone. *My cutie* . That's what Richie called him. Eddie knows that logically, he really needs to squash this pointless crush. But he can't, especially not when Richie goes around calling him *his* cutie.

Notes for the Chapter:

> ok i know i said i was waiting to post this until i finished my other fic but screw it. i am to excited. we're all gonna be learning french together lads. also i'm not like fluent but i am a french minor so i'm pretty sure there are no french mistakes but also i'm stupid so